

# York-shire

Wherein is enumerated several Sorts of  
Drinks, with a Discription of  
the Humors of most sorts  
of Drunkards.

TO

Which is added, a *York-shire Dialogue*, in its  
natural Dialo<sup>g</sup>, as it is now commonly spo-  
ken in the North parts of *York-shire*.

BEING

A Miscellaneous Discourse or Hotch-potch of  
Several Country Affairs, begun by a *Daughter*  
and her *Mother*, and continued by the *Father*,  
*Son*, *Uncle*, *Niece*, and *Land-Lord*: after which  
follows a Scold between *Nell* and *Bess*, two *York-  
shire* women.

*corrected and Amended, with large Additions in ma-  
ny places throughout the whole Book, by the Au-  
thor, And after all, a Clavis explaining the  
meaning of all the York-shire words in the Dia-  
logue.*

By G. M. Gent. *London (1705)*

O R K, Printed by J. White, for Francis Hall  
and, at the Signe of the Bible in Stonegate, 1705.



To the  
**READER.**

Reader, heres sportive mirth,  
and harmless Droll,  
Come buy and read, & laugh  
thy Belly full.  
When thou hast done, if thou  
condemn me for't,  
Then I have made my self,  
and not thee sport;  
That man is too morose, and  
much to blame,  
That doth condemn all mirth  
to be profane:

All

( )

All Ages have of lawful mirth  
allow'd.

If too much time in it were  
not bestow'd;

Here thou hast mirth, with  
small expence of time,  
I've taken pains, the pleasure  
will be thine.

Vale, G.M.

Ad





Ad Momum,

Carpere vel noli, nostra vel Ede tua.

*Or Carpe not at these Lines of mine,  
Or cause for to be publish'd thine.*



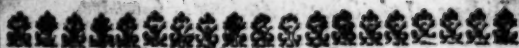
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Monmouth

Carpeting & Upholstery, notions and Edging.

Carpeting & Upholstery, notions and Edging.  
Carpeting & Upholstery, notions and Edging.

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*The praise of Yorkshire-Ale, wherein  
is Emumerated several Sorts of  
Drinks, with a Description of the  
Humours of most Sorts of Drunkards.*

**B**acchus having call'd a Parliament of late,  
For to consult about some Things of State,  
Nearly concerning the honour of his Court,  
To'th Sun; behind'th Exchange, they did resort:  
Where being met, and many things that time  
Concerning the Adulterating Wine,  
And other Liquors; Selling of Ale in Mugs,  
Silver Tankerds, Black-Pots, and little Juggs:  
Stronge Beer in Rabbits, and cheating penny Cans,  
Three Pipes for two pence; and such like Trepans:  
Vintners small Bowles, Silver mouth'd black Jacks,  
Papers of Sugar, with such like cheating knacks:  
B Bkkets

## The Praise of

Biskets, Luke Olives, Anchoves, Caveare,  
 Neats Tongues, West-Phalia-Hambs, & such like Chole  
 Crabs, Lobsters, Collar-Beefe, Cold Pullers, Oyster  
 And such like Stuffe, which make young men turn  
 And many other things were then debated,  
 And Bills past, upon the Cases stated;  
 And all things ready for Adjournment, then  
 Stood up one of the Northern Country men,  
 A Boon good fellow, and Lover of Strong Ale,  
 Whose Tongue well steep'd in Sack begun this Tale  
 My Bully Rocks, Ive been experienced long  
 In most of Liquors, which are counted Strong  
 Of Claret, White-wine and Canary Sack,  
 Rhenish and Malago, I've had no lack;  
 Sider, perry, Metheglin, and Sherbet.  
 Coffee and Mead, with Punch and Chocolet:  
 Rum and Tea, Azora wine, Mederry,  
 Vin-de-Paree, Brag, wine with Rosemary:

# **Porteshire Ale.**

3

repony, *Usquebarh*, besides all these,  
 Chalk *Qua Caelestis Cinnamon*, *Hearts-ease*:  
 yf *grave Rosa Solis*, and other Liqueurs fine,  
 yf *asberry Wine*, *Pur-royal*, and *Shampine*,  
*dalmsey*, and *Viper-wine*, all these I pass:  
*frontineack*; with excellent *Ipocras*:  
*Lac'd Coffee*, *Twist*, *Old Pharoh*, and *Old Hoc*,  
*Juniper*, *Brandy* and *Wine de Langue-Dock*,  
*Mum*, *Cherry-wine Langoon*, and *Lemonad*,  
*Sberry*, and *Port a Port*, both white and red,  
*Pomgranate*, *Mirtle*, and *Ifope-wine* I know,  
*Ipres* and *Orleance*, *Coos*, and eke *Anjou*,  
*Burgundian-wine*, *Cacubum*, *Sage* and *Must*,  
*Fennel* and *Wormwood-wine* have past my Gust,  
*Hydromel*, *Mulsom*, wine boil'd with *Southernwood*,  
*Opimum*, *Smirna*, and *Bison* good:  
*Temetum*, *Lora* and brave *Muskadel*,  
*Runney* and *Nestor* too that deith excell:

## The Praise of

*Sicilian, Naples and Lorain Wine,*  
*Moravia, Malta and Corfica fine :*  
*Tent, Muskatine, Brandy, and Alicant,*  
 Of all these Liquors I've had no scant,  
 And several others; but none do I find,  
 Like Humming *Northern ALE* to please my mind  
 It's pleasant to the Taste, strong and mellow,  
 He that affects it not is no boon Fellow.  
 He that in this drink doth let his Senses swim,  
 There's neither wind nor storms will pierce on him  
 It warms in Winter, in Summer opes the Pores,  
 'Twill make a Sovereign Salve 'gainst cuts & sores  
 It ripens Wit, exhilarates the Mind,  
 Makes friends of foes, & foes of friends full kind  
 It's Physical for old Men, warms their Blood,  
 Its Spirits makes the Coward's courage good:  
 The Tatter'd Beggar being warm'd with Ale,  
 Nor Rain, Hail, Frost, nor Snow can him Affail  
 He

He's a good man with him can then compare,  
 It makes a Prentise great as the Lord Mayor:  
 The Labouring Man, that toiles all day full sore,  
 A pot of Ale at Night, doth him Restore,  
 And makes him all his Toil and paines forget,  
 And for another day-work, hee's then fit:  
 There's more in drinking Ale, sure then we wot,  
 For most Ingenious Artists, love a Pot:  
 Nay amorous Ladyes it will pleasure too,  
 Make frozen Maids, and Nuns, and Virgins do  
 The thing you know; Soldiers and Gown-men,  
 Rich and poor, old and young, lame & sound men  
 May such advantage reap by drinking Ale,  
 As should I tell, you'd think 'twere but a Tale;  
 Mistake me not, Custom, I mean not tho,  
 Of excessive Drinking, as great Ranters do,  
 For that would turn a great Wit to a Sot,  
 mean the merry Quibbling o're a Pot,

Which makes dull Melancholy spirits be,  
For Criticks and great Wits, good Company.

Oh the rare Virtues of this Barly Broth ;

To rich and poor it's Meat and Drink and Clo

The Court here stopt him, and the Prince did sa

Where may we find this Nectar, I thee pray,

The boon good Fellow answer'd, I can tell,

*North-Allerton*, in *York-shire* doth excell

All *England*, nay all *Europe* for strong Ale,

If thither we adjourn, we shall not fail

To taste such humming Stuff, as, I dare say,

Your Highness never tasted to this day.

They hearing this, the House Agreed upon

All for Adjournment to *North-Allerton*;

*Madam Bradley's*, was the chief house then nam

There they must taste this noble Ale so fam'd

And pois'd abroad in each place far and near.

Nay, take it *Bradley* for strong Ale and Beer,

Th



Thou hast it loose, ther e's none can do so well  
 ny. a brewing Ale thou dost all else excel.  
 adjournment day being come there did appear  
 Clo A brave full house, *Bachus* himselfe was there.  
 d fa This Nectar was brought in, each had his Cup,  
 ray, but at the first they did but sipple up  
 ll, This rare *Ambrosia* , but finding that  
 I was grateful to the Taste, and made them chat  
 And laugh and talk, O then when all was out,  
 They call'd for more, and drank full Cans about;  
 But in short space, such strange Effects it wrought  
 Amongst the Courtiers, as *Bachus* never thought  
 Or dream'd upon : his wise men it made Fools,  
 And made his Councillors to look like Owls.  
 m The simple sort of Fellows it made prate,  
 d And talk of Court Affairs, and things of State :  
 r. And those that were dull Fellows when they came  
 Were now turn'd nimble Orators of Fame.

## The Poets of

And such of them were thought to be no Wits,  
Were Metamorphis'd into excellent Poets :  
Those that were lame, and came there with a staff,  
Threw't quite away, which made the Prince to laugh,  
The Cripples which did Crutches thither bring,  
Without them now did hop about and sing :  
Some o're the Stools and Forms did skip and leap,  
Some knac't their fingers, no plain word could speak  
Some shak'd their legs and arms with great delight,  
Some curs'd and swore, and others they did fight ;  
Some antick tricks did play like a Baboon,  
Some knit their brows did shake their heads & frown  
Some *Maudlin* drunken were, and wept full sore,  
Others fell fast asleep, begun to snore :  
Thousands of Lies and Stories some did tell,  
Their tongues went like the Clapper of a Bell,  
Others were tongue-ti'd, could not speak one word  
And some did cast their reckoning up at Board.

Some

Some sung aloud, and did deaf their fellowes  
 Making a Noife; worſe than *Vulcan's* Bellows:  
 Some were for baudy Talk, and ſome did ſhout;  
 Some miſt the Cup, and pour'd the Liquor out:  
 At every word, ſome did their Neighbour jump,  
 And ſome did often give the Board a thump.  
 Some were all Kindneſs did their Fellowes kiſs,  
 Som all bedaub'd their clothes, & mouths did miſs:  
 For Arguments ſome were and learn'd diſcourſes,  
 Som talk'd of grey-hounds, ſom of running horſes,  
 Som talk'd of hounds, and ſome of Cocks o'th game  
 Som ſought but hawks, and ſetting dogs did name:  
 Some talk'd of Battels, Sieges and great Warrs,  
 And what great Wounds & Cutts they had, & Scarrs  
 Some very Zealous were, full of Devotion,  
 But being Sober then had no ſuch Notion,  
 Some there Were all for drinking healths about  
 Others did rub the Table with their Snout :

Some

Some piss'd i'th fire, others threw out their snuffs,  
And some were mad to be at handy Cuffs.

Some swore that they would have a *Serenade*,

Others did call their Hostess Whore and Jade:

And round about did throw the Cups and glasses:

The drink did fly into their Neighbours Faces:

Some were for Bargains, some for Wagers laying:

Others for Cards and Tables cry'd for playing:

Some broke the Pipes, & round about them threw,

Some smoak'd Tobacco till their nose was blew.

Some in the fire fell and sing'd their Cloaths,

And some fell from their Seat and broke their nose

Some could not stir a Foot, did sit and glore,

Some sought the house all over for a whore,

Some call'd for Musick, others were for a dance,

And some lay staring, as if in a Trance.

Some call'd for Victuals others for a Crust,

Some op'd their Buttons and were like to Burst.

Some

Some challeng'd all the people that were there,  
 And some with strange invented Oaths did Swear  
 Some told how many Women they had us'd,  
 Others at such discourse were sore Amus'd :  
 Some shirk'd their drink, did put away the Cup,  
 And some took all that came left not one Sup :  
 Some whilest they Sober were would nothing pay,  
 But being drunk, would all the Shot defray ;  
 Others whilest sober, were as free as any,  
 But when once drunk, refuse to pay one penny :  
 Some were for News, and how the State of things  
 Did stand amongst great Potentates and Kings :  
 Some all their Friends & Neighbours did backbite,  
 And some in Jearing others, took delight ;  
 Some of their Birth and Riches made great boast.  
 And none but they were fit to Rule the Roast :  
 Some fill'd the Room with noise yet could not speak  
 One word of *English, Latine, French or Greek :*

## The Praise of

Or any other Language which one might  
 Put into sense, and understand aright:  
 Some Laught, until their Eyes did run on water,  
 And neither they, nor others knew the matter:  
 Some so mischievous were they without Fear,  
 Would give their chiefeft Friend a Box on'th Ear:  
 Some were so holy, that they would not hear,  
 Words either that Prophane or Smutty were:  
 Some in a Melancholly posture laid,  
 Others did cry what is the Reckoning paid:  
 Some burnt their Hatts, others the Windowes broke  
 Some cry'd more Liquor we are like to Choake  
 Some piss'd their Breetches, Sirreverence your Nose,  
 Some not only piss'd but all bee—their Hose:  
 Lame Gouty Men, did daunce about so sprightly,  
 A Boy of fifteen scarce could skip so lightly:  
 Old crampy Capts. that scarce a Sword could draw,  
 Swore now they'd keep the King of *France* in Awe.  
 And

And new Commissions get to Raise more Men,  
 For now they swore they were grown young again:  
 Off went their Perriwigs, Coats and Rapiers,  
 Out went the Candles, Noses for Tapers  
 Serv'd to give light, whilst they did daunce a round  
 Drinking full Healthes with Caps upon the ground:  
 And still as they did daunce their round-delays,  
 They all did cry this drink deserves the Bayes,  
 Above all Liquors we have ever tasted:  
 It's pity that a drop of it were wasted:  
 A Stranger coming by, did hear the Noise,  
 He step'd into the house to see the Boyes:  
 Such sights he saw, as he nee'r see before,  
 Which made him Laugh untill his sides were sore,  
 His Horse did follow, and saw their Quaffing,  
 He Neigh'd aloud, & broke his Girts with laughing  
 These Antick Sights made *Bacchus* to admire,  
 And then he did begin for to Enquire:  
 What

What Priviledges were bestow'd upon

This famous Ale Town of *North-Allerton*,

The Answer was, that it was only known,

To have four Fairs i'th year, a Bourrough-Town,

One Market every week and that was all,

This moved *Bacchus* presently to call

For a great Jug which held about five Quartss

And filling't to the Brim ; come here my Hearts

Said he, wee'l drink about this merry Health,

To the Honour of the Town, their State & Wealth

For by the Essence of this Drink I swear,

This Town is Famous for strong Ale and Beer ;

And for the sake of this good Nappy Ale,

Of my great favour it shall never fail,

For to promote the quick Return and Trade,

For all strong Ale and Beer, that here is made :

So to't they went, and drank full Healths about,

Fill they drunk Money, Wit, and Senses out :

For



For whilest one drop of Ale was to be had,  
 They Quaft, and drunk it round about like mad.  
 When all was off, then out they pull'd the Tapps,  
 And stuck the Spiddocks finely in their Hats,  
 And so Triumphantly away they went,  
 But they did all Agree with one Consent  
 To *Easugwold* they then away would pass,  
 With *Nanny Driffeld* there to drink a Glâs:  
 For *Bacchus* having heard of her strong Ale,  
 He swore by *Jupiter*, he would not fail  
 To have a merry bout if he did find  
 Her Nappy Ale to please his Princely Mind:  
 When they came there a Flaggon was brought in,  
 Hold Gentlemen, before we do begin,  
 Cryes one Boon Blade, let me declare to you,  
 Some things which I of this same Ale doe know:  
 Soe bowing to the Prince, he thus began,  
 May't please your Highness, and you Gentlemen:  
 I've

## The Praise of

I've Travell'd thorow the most parts of France

As Picardy, Bress, Bretaine and Provence :

Normandy, Bevois, Poictu and Champaigne

With Aquitain Bu gundy, and Lorrain :

Geneva, Savoy. Languedock ; also

Within the Kingdome of Spain Oniedo:

Lean, Navarr, Corduba, and soe on

Through Biscay, Toledo, and Catelone:

Castile, Valentia, Venice, Florence,

Mantua, Millain, Urbin, St. Lawrence :

Portugall, Naples, Italy, Holland,

Germany, Denmarke, Sweedland, Poland.

Hungary, Muscovia, Cephalonia,

Turky, Transilvania, and Selavonia:

Media, Persia, and Mesopotamia,

Palestine, Armenia, and Arabia ;

Parthia, Syria, Caldea, and Tartary,

East and West Indies, China, and Barbary :

Numidia

*Humidia, Lybia, and Mexicana;*  
*Aethiopia, Egypt, and Messena;*  
*Cyru, the Grecian Isles, Sicillia,*  
*Canary Isles, Corfica, and Sardinia.*

These Country Wines, and other Liquors rare,  
 With Englands humming Ale can not compare:  
 For in my thoughts it doth most drinks excell,  
 And this same Nappy Ale doth bear the Bell:

Above most Ale: for herein is such Art,  
 Come when you will it's neither Sweet nor Tart,  
 Summer, Winter Weather, Raine, or Fair,  
 Thunder, Sunshine. Misty or serene Air:

Frost or Snow, Morning, Noon, or Night,  
 Whom you please this Ale is alwayes Right:  
 Neither thicker, nor thinner, nor paler,  
 Nor higher Colour'd, Newer, nor staler,  
 Stronger, nor smaller, it hath no Fellow,  
 Sweeter nor sower, but alwayes Mellow

And fit to drink what time soe'er you come,  
 This is the pure strong British Islands Rum;  
 Hold, cry'd the Prince, for thou now more hast said,  
 Of this same Ale, then's Truth, I am affraid:  
 Yee Gods, the Prince then Cry'd, if this be true,  
 I'll leave my Government of Wine to you;  
 And list my selfe, amongst Ale Boys that are famous,  
 For: *toll, Paulo majora Canamus:*  
 So let us now fall on, fill up my Can,  
 Let each one take his Cup, observe his man,  
 And let us drink, until we all be Tipple,  
*Ego tuoque, ille Crispie,*  
*Vive Le Roy,* great Bacchus then begins,  
 God bless him cry'd the Courtiers and his Friends;  
 This Health and severall others went about,  
 Then growing warm, they all set up a shout;  
 Most famous Ale, if we thy worth had known,  
 Then we had hasted sooner to the Town,  
 Oh

Ladds said *Bachus* I never thought t'have found  
 ch pleasant Nectar, here on English ground  
 wonder any will himselfe. Confine  
 om bousing Ale to swill himselfe in Wine:  
 he Juice of Grapes shall be no more o'th Quorum,  
 at Nappy Ale, *Hordia Far a Forum*.  
 Wine's but an As; when Ale doth come in play,  
 it be like the Ale we drink this day:  
 all in my Land-Lady let her Appear,  
 mous: she is for brewing Ale, I swear;  
 and I a badge of Honour will bestow  
 pon her without fail, before I go;  
 and so a Clerke was call'd to Exemplific,  
 he Letters Patents following, daintily:  
*Bachus* Prince of good Fellowes; To all to whom  
 these our brave Letters Patents shall now come,  
 Whereas we've bin Informed now of late,  
 that Nanny Driffeld our great Court and State,  
 C 2 For

## The Praise of

For many years last past hath much advanc'd,  
 By her strong humming Ale and as it chan  
 We having ample Prooffe thereof, so now  
 We of our Princely grace, would have you kno  
 This Land-Lady unto the Noble State  
 And Honour of a Countess, we Create:  
 And by our merry Fudling Subjects, She  
 Countess of *Stringo* henceforth call'd shall be.  
 To'th Pattent then was fixed a Black Pot,  
 In a fine Silk Lace, twisted on a knot:  
 Upon the Countess it was then bestow'd,  
 The Noble Courtiers all stood up and Bow  
 Long may your Honour Live to Brew such A  
 And of your Art we wish you never fail;  
*Bachus* then took a great full Flagon up,  
 And drunk the Countess health left not one S  
 To an old Blade, the Prince laid, thou shalt follo  
 Then, *Tu eris miles magnus Apollo.*

Each of the Courtiers did then pledge the same,  
And now in earnest did begin the game:

The new made Countess to gratifie them all,  
For an Hogshead of her choicest Ale, did call:  
Upon the Hogshead *Bacchus* got astride,  
Now Ladds said he, this Ale is Deified.

A Countess, a Countess, they then proclaim'd,  
You all the Country o're, will now be Fam'd:

Drink Prince she said, and all ye Noble Crew;  
Drink till such time, ye wade your Noses blue:

Here's Ale said they, so pure, so clear, so fine,  
It is more grateful to the taste then Wine:

Nay this same Ale will make the World admire us  
*Efficat Ingenios nobilis Ala Viros:*

This famous Liquor, we know doth far outgoe  
The Poets Nectar and *Ambrosia* too:

The Gods *Nepenthe* with it cannot compare,

This is the Sovereign Antidote 'gainst Care.

## The Praise of

Some Townsmen hearing this, Listend a while  
 Then into th House they went, began to smile;  
 You'r welcome Gentlemen, sit down said the Prince  
 And do as we do: if it be no Offence  
 The townsmen said, we'l joyn our selves with you,  
 And try this day, to whom Honour is due  
 Whether to Wine or Ale; it shall be Try'd,  
 Agreed Agreed, they with one voice all Cry'd  
 The Townsmen did perceiue the Courtiers warm,  
 Six in a hand sayes one will do no harm:  
 You Grape Boyes now shall know before we part,  
 Wines not the only Nourisher of Art:  
 When *Recubans sub Teguine Fagi*  
 We drinke strong Ale: it makes us of the Magi  
 Well said, cry'd *Bacchus*, about then let it goe,  
 As long as any here can shake a Toe:  
 For as *Scribenda discas Scribere*,  
 Just so *Bibendo discas Bibere*:



Workhouse all.

23

O brave *Colonus* see it go about,  
And let us now all Joyne set foot to foot,  
And drink all off, I'll not contend for praise,  
From henceforth this same Ale shall have the Bayes  
Wine shall not once be nam'd, where this comes in,  
He that names Wine that day commits a Sin,  
Wee'l all be merry, I'll hear no Clamour,  
Let's drink and sing, *Ootma vincit Amor.*  
Health upon Health did pass about with speed,  
Till all the Courtiers were sore fluster'd indeed:  
*Qui Color albus erat*, with a *Faldo*,  
I plainly see *Nunc est contrarius Albo*,  
One Townsman said: let us our hold now keep:  
And we shall quickly lay them all to sleep,  
Bumpers and double Tankerds did go round,  
*Bachus* from's hoghead Throne, fell to the ground,  
Some forwards fell, backwards, and sideways some,  
Till on to'th Floor, they all did tumble down:

Let's throw them on an heap, a Townsman said  
 And Sing a Catch about them; I have made  
 Agreed they cry'd the Wine Boyes this shall know  
 That they to good Ale Topers, now must bow  
 Let's throw the God above, Hee'l spoil his Cloath  
 Marry sayes one, I think hee's broke his Nose  
 He hath all bedaub'd his Suit of Tabby,  
 But *Sorte tua contentus Abi*,  
 Said they; The Catch begun then by the Blades,  
 The Tune is, Hail unto the Myrde Shades.

The



The Song.

I.

Colonus and Bacchus did meet,  
Each one to commend his own Liquor;  
The Juice of the Grape was sweet,  
But Barley Oyle ran down the quicker:  
Colonus did challenge the Gods,  
To fight in defence of his Barley,  
But Bacchus perceiving the odds,  
Desr'd a Friendly Parly.

2.

They drunk full Bumpers about,  
And Bacchus an health did begin,  
The Bacchanalians gave a great shout,  
The Colonians then thronged fast in:

They

They drunk double Tankards around,  
 Till the Grape Boyes began for to Glore  
 The Rusticks neer stinched their ground,  
 Till Bacchus fell down on the Floor:

3.

Colonus did heartily Laugh,  
 And about the God they did daunce,  
 Full Pots about they did quaff:  
 Whilest Bacchus lay still in a Trance.  
 The Grape Boyes were beat out of play,  
 And at length poor Bacchus did Rise:  
 To Colonus he yeilded the day,  
 So the Rusticks obtained the Prize:

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Agree  
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Just as the Catch did end, they rubb'd their Eyes,  
 They Yawn'd and gap'd, and did begin to rise:  
 Oh Gentlemen, the Townsmen said you now,  
 We hope the force and power of Ale doe know:  
 Faith *Bacchus* said wee'r forc'd to yeild the day,  
 For you have beat us quite, Pinch out of Play:  
 O Wine I formerly did thee adore,  
 But thou said he shall have my heart no more:  
 Boy lead our Horses out when we get up,  
 Wee'l have with you, a merry Scurrup Cupp:  
 Then we to Famous *Yorke* will haft away,  
 For thither wee'l adjourn the Court this day:  
 The Horses were lead out, they mounted all,  
 And each of them did for a Flagon call:  
 Well Sirs said they, we yeild the day's your own,  
 Wee'l try again next time we come to Town,  
 Agreed the Townsmen said, come when you will,  
 You'l find us true blue Fudling Bulies still:  
 They

They drunk about, the Townsmen pledg'd the same  
So took their leaves till they should meet again  
At parting they did kiss, and *Bacchus* swore,  
He never met with such boon Blades before :  
Well noble Boyes said He, before't be long  
I hope our Lot will be to sing a Song ;  
Great *Bacchus* when you come the Townsmen said  
Come well prepar'd, for we are not afraid :  
Farewell good Lads said he, and so away,  
They took their journey unto *Torke* that day :  
When they to *Torke* were come, they rov'd about  
From House to House to find such Nectar out  
As they had tasted last at length they heard  
At *Parkers* Coffee-house i'th Minster Yard :  
They severall sorts of strong Ale there would find  
Some of which Ale would surely please their mind  
Unto this place they went, and Crowded in,  
Come Wench said they, with strong Ale wee'l begin

Sirs said the Girle, wee've Ale that's strong & old,  
 Both from North-Allerton, and Easingwold.  
 From Sutton, Thirke, likewise from Rascal Town;  
 Wee've Ale also that's call'd *Knocker-down* :  
 Well bring a Tankerd of each in, you Maid,  
 Wee'l taste them every one the Courtiers said;  
 The Ale came, in each man a Tankard had,  
 They tasted all ; And swore they were full glad  
 Such Stingoe, Nappy, pure Ale they had found :  
 Lett's loose no time said they but, drink a round :  
 And chear our Spirits up with this good Creature,  
 For *Miser est, qui Nummos Admiratur*.  
 About and about it went full merrily,  
 Till some could neither go, stand, sit, nor see,  
*Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur* ; if true  
 The wisest in the Company is you,  
 Said one, to's Opposite beyond the Table,  
 Who was so drunk, to speake he was not able :  
 They

They call'd & drank till they were all high flown,  
 And could not find their way into the Town,  
 They stagger'd too and fro, had such lite heads,  
 That they were guided all unto their Beds:  
 And in the Morning when they did awake,  
 They curs'd and swore that all their heads did ache:  
 O *Yorke-shire Yorke-shire*: thy Ale it is so strong,  
 That it will kill us all, if we stay long:  
 Soe they agreed a Journey for to make  
 Into the South, some Respite there to take,  
 But in short space again they said they'd come,  
 And Tast some more of this same *Yorke-shire Hum*:  
 Nay *Bacchus* swore to come he would not fail,  
 And glut himselfe with *Yorke-shire Nappy Ale*:  
 It is so pleasant, mellow too, and fine,  
 That *Bacchus* swore he'd never more drink Wine:

No  
 Tha  
 Som  
 Le



*The Conclusion.*

Now I have done, and will hold a piece on't:

That, *Nil hic Nisi Carmina desunt.*

Some men will say perhaps, here is no wit,

Let such then know, *Ex Nihilo Nihil fit.*

**F I N I S.**

THE CONFESSION

Now I have done, and will hold a piece out:

That will be the Curious of the

once more will say perhaps, here is no one

at last then know, I have done.

FINIS

A York-shire

# DIALOGUE

In its pure Natural

## DIALECT

As it is now commonly spoken in the  
North parts of *Yorke-shire*.

Being a Miscellaneous Discourse or Hotch-  
Potch of several Country Affairs, begun by a  
Daughter, and her Mother, and continued  
by the Father, Son, Uncle, Neefe, and  
Land-Lord, after which follows a Scold between  
*Bess and Nell* two *Yorke-shire* Women.

Note that *D.* stands for Daughter, *M.* for Mother,  
*F.* for Father, *S.* for Son, *U.* for Uncle, *N.* for  
Neefe, and *L.* for Land-Lord.

---

*Reader here's Folly come and Laugh thy fill,  
He neer did good, that never did no ill.*

---

**YORK** Printed by *J. White*, for *Francis Hildyard*  
at the Bible in *Stonegate*. 1684.

A. J. C. 1811

# DIALOGUE

## DEAF

It is now commonly known in the  
United States that

the deaf and dumb are not  
necessarily ignorant of the  
principles of language, and  
that they are capable of  
acquiring the art of  
reading and writing.

It is the object of this  
work to show that the  
deaf and dumb are not  
necessarily ignorant of the  
principles of language, and  
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acquiring the art of  
reading and writing.

Printed by J. W. White, for the  
author, at the office of the  
American Institute for the  
Deaf and Dumb, No. 12  
Nassau Street, New York.

\*\*\*\*\*

*A Yorkefbire Dialogue in its pure natural Dialect, &c.*

(dark,

D. **M**Other our Crockey's Cawven fine't grew  
 And Iſe flaid to come nar, ſhe macks ſike warke,  
 (Tee;  
 M. Scaun, ſeaun, Barne, bring my Skeel and late my  
 Mack haſt and hye thee ore to'th Laer to me:  
 Weeſe git a Battin and a Burden Rape,  
 Though it be mirke, weeſe late it out by grape:  
 Then wee'l to'th Field & give the Cow ſome Hay  
 And ſee her Cleen before ſhe come away:  
 For flaid ſhe git ſome watter before ſhe Cleen.  
 And mar her Milk, Iſe greet out bath my Neen:  
 D. Wnaugh Mother how ſhe rowts, Iſe varra Arſe,  
 Shee'l put and rive my good Prunella Scarfe:

He ding thy Harnes out, thou base mucky Sew,  
Thou macks like Anters, thou'l mistetch my Cow  
What need thou be seay flaid, she will nut mell  
Nor hipe, if there war nean here but thy sell:  
D. Wally, wally, heres a deft Tinye Cawle,  
It's better than a Keausteril behawfe,  
M. But pratty macks nea Porridge *Tibb*, ift war  
A Keausteril, it wad yeild mare money far:  
It's newly gitten Feaut, tack hand on't *Tibb*,  
Wee'l Suck'lt weel, and put it into'th Cribb,  
And Bed it strangly with good clean Strey,  
And see it lye'th sell down, before we geay;  
It liggs bravely, for't hardly can be seen,  
It'l git neay Cawd, it's bedded up to'th Een:  
Good Beddin *Tibb*, will mack if Battin wee'l,  
Now I will milk some Beestlings into'th Skeel;  
Our Why is better Tidded than this Cow,  
Her Ewr's but swampe, Shee's nut for Milk I trow

You

You wait nut yet of Croky what to say,  
 Preause of a Puddin's it'h eating alway:  
 Shee's dast yet on her Cawf, in a day or twcay  
 You'l see, wheather she be for Milk or neay;  
 Now let us hame and late for Bowls and Sile,  
 Thy Fatter'l meause whore weare all this while;  
 F. Ise nut farr, ist Cow Cawv'd that's a Goodin,  
 Now *Tibb* weese git some Beeffling Pudding:  
 Letts spang our geates for it is varra Snithe,  
 And Ise flaid Wife it will be Frost Belive;  
 Leauk yonder ist Lad coming to late for you,  
 Hee'd be in Bed to Morn we gang to Plewe:  
 M. Wya, wya, did'th Pot play when you com,  
 Wheay keauks the Supper now when Ise fra Hame  
 What *Hobb* ist Beefe aneugh, ist Groats put in,  
 Till all war deaun, I knaw thou wad nut lin:  
 S. Ey Mother, Groats are in Iv'e tane o'th Pot,  
 And 'th Cael I seure are caud aneugh to sup:

*M.* Come tack up'th Beefe *Tibb*, ist Dubler ready,  
Thy Father and *Hobb*, mun gang to'th Smiddy,  
And fetch the Specks, Sock and Cowlter hither

Seed time's now come they mun saw Haver :

*F.* Come *Tibb* for sham bring out the bread & sawt

Thou's lang a coming, thou braids of Haver Maut

Thur Cael tast strang of Reeke, they're nut for me,

God sends meat and'th Deevil sends Ceauks I see:

*M.* Marry geaupe stink, you're varra dench'd I trow

Your Belly sarraes an ill Master now:

They'r o're good for them that finnds faut I seaur,

But as the Sew doth fill the Draffe doth soure :

*F.* Thou wad faine perswade us they are gooddins

Hungry Doggs are fain of durty Puddins:

Come thou and taste them, and sit down i'th chair

Meay the merryer, but fewer better Fair.

*M.* But you will nut let me be merry lang

I seaur, for there is allwayes something wrang

The



## Dialogue.

They that have fike as you, can have neay will

To deau ought, A good Jack macks a good Gill.

F. I pray thee Pegg let us be Friends again,

Thou knaws fair words durz mack Feauls fain,

It is weel spoken, that's weel tane I've heard,

Thou is seay Crabb'd, to speak Iſe alwayes feards:

M. You ſet yan on unſcape, and than you rewe,

Great matters of an angry word I trowe;

Stride Tibb, & clawt ſome Caſſons out o'th Hurne,

Than geay thy wayes and fetch a Skeel of Burn,

And hing the Pan ore'th fire ith Rekin-Creauk,

And Iſe weſh Sile, and Diſhes up 'ith Neauke:

And then wee'l all to Bed; here's a cawd Neer:

But Husband Iſe cling cloſe, and weeſe blend feet

F. Pray thee deau Pegg, than Iſe git up 'ith Morne

And Late ſome Pokes, and put up our ſeed Corn:

Than thou may farra Gawts and Gils with Draſſe,

And Iſe give'th Yawds ſome Hinderends and Caſſe,

Than for our Breakfasts thou may haet some Cad  
 Till I lie by my Shackfork, and my Flail;  
 And *Hobbs* mack ready my Harrows, & my Pleugh  
 And he and I *Pegg* fall deau weel aneugh;  
 I've heard it tawk'd and now the Trueth I've fund  
 A mell tweay Steauls, the Tail may fall to'th grund  
 I lited on *Hobb*, and he lited on me,  
 And the Dee'l a thing is ready that I see;  
 Neither Traces, Hames, nor Baurghwans to finnd,  
 Swingle-Trees nor Helters, all's made an ill end:  
 But tweay dayes fine, Ise seau're they war all here  
 Flung on an heap ith midst of our Laer Fleau're.  
*S.* Fatter they're ligin all on our Faugh Lands-  
 I trail'd them there my sell with my awn hands,  
*F.* Thous a good Lad my *Hobb* that teauk sike care  
 Ist Yoakes and Bowes and Gad & Yoaksticks there:  
*S.* Ey, cy, & th Pleugh Staffie teau, Hopper & Teems  
 We lack tought but a Bay Stagg of my Neems,  
 That

That wee're to Yoak 'ith Plewgh before our Yawds  
And than lfe seaur weese rive up all Adawds,  
F. Near rack, near rack, weese tack neay thought for  
lfe seaur that it will bide us billing at.

Our Land is tewgh, and full of strang whickers.  
Cat whins, and Scavy Furs, and monny Breckins:  
It's nought but Gorr, it ploshes under Feaut,  
Weese find Trouble aneugh when we come reaut:

S. Lythe ye, lythe ye, how fondly you tawke,  
You think weese mack monny ilfavart Bawke;  
When we do Plew, we mun tack teaume I Reed.  
I've heard Fowks often say mare heast warfe speed:  
The Feck on'ts Gripp'd, and 'th watter runs away,  
I was at field my fell, and saw't to day:

It will bring as good Blendings I dare say,  
As ever grew a Reaut in onny Clay;

F. Our Eard is nut for blending *Hobb* I dour,  
We mun saw it with Bigg I row, or nought:  
Gray

Gray Geause hes laïd, geay carry in her Egg,  
*Tibb* dar nut come to fetcht, for flaid o'th Stegg,  
 Than goame steek'th Hemble deaur, & bar up Grise  
 For they've byn in a mischief twice or thrice;  
 Let's nut loase an Hogg for a hawpworth of Tarr,  
 But mind to Noint'h Gawt Ear it will all marr,  
 Our *Perry* garr'd him run, and lugg'd him sayer,  
 I thought that he had riven off his Ear :

The Libber comsto Moarn, weese libb'th awd Piggs  
 For they've made filthy warke o'th Corn Land Rigg  
*S.* Father our Bull Segg's pussom'd, hee's deg bownd  
 And our awd Meer is slidden into'th Pownd,  
*F.* Wellaneerin, wellaneerin, run fast run,  
 Run fast *Hobb*, and bid my *Maugh Herry* come:  
 And bring his Horne, and give our Segg a drink,  
 Mack hast or else Ise whang thee till thou stink:  
*V.* How now *Hob* thou reeks fair, what macks ta run  
 What uncuths hes ta brought come tell me seaur,  
 Our

Our Yawd's layd backwards, Bull Seg is like to dee  
 And seay lfe come for you to gang with me :  
 U. Marry lfe vara weay, for that's ill warke,  
 lfe flaid weese nut git there, before't be darke,  
 F. That's weel your come, the Segg is at Stand Heck  
 What ails this deaur, I cannut finnd out'th Sneck :  
 That comes in an hour, sometimes they say,  
 That comes nut in Twenty, He was weel to day,  
 And preaz'd to git ore'th Hedge into our Fogg,  
 And I did Slate him back than with our Dog ;  
 U. Is this him that liggs here, Hee's Teng'd hee'l dee  
 Lets stick him, ther's neay whoopes of him I see  
 Hee's pratty meeterly Flesh, here's a good Skin,  
 Hee'l mack good Cael, and put fat Backon in,  
 Lets gang and see your Sheep, what ails yon Teaup,  
 I think something hes stamp't upon his Feaur :  
 Thur Yowes are Clowclagg'd, they skitter faire,  
 They'l be full of Mawks if you tack nut Care ;

I think they've gotten some fresh whewts of Gine The  
 That macks them seay beclarted about th Arse Thy  
 He like to clem let's Hame *Maugh* to our Pegg, I've  
 Sheel kedge our kites with good Kirne.milk, & whi Our  
 v. Sister heve you ought that will flocken weel You  
 You've Whigg 'ith Stand, & good Kirn.milk 'ith (Skeed Our  
 Fill me 'th bend Kit He set it to my pact, tra  
 He venture a strang pull though I be hact, Our  
 Here's fine Backon Sister its glorie Fat, set  
 But it's a little knarl'd with your Carl Cat, Perry  
 F. It's small warse Pegg whor's our Haver Riddle, And  
 Last time I saw't it was laid ive our Stable : The  
 He like to tawme this day's seay varry warme Pudo  
 Your Bees macks a great noise, you'l have a Swarm Thy  
 Wheay has remmond 'th side Lanyels some ill Foal s. st  
 I laid him here, under the Awmry foal, Our  
 Can neathing ligg that's leeter than a Stane The  
 We sall heve neught left - scaun, all will be gane  
 All

Allthings run wrang Wife,neathing Cottens weel  
 The Spindle is a Ravel'd, neay Garn o'th Reel,  
 Thy Rock is burnit,thy Sneaufskin is quite gean,  
 I've lated fayer, and can nut finnd it Dame;  
 Our great whean Cat hes eaten'th Pudding poke,  
 You goam neathing, I never saw fike Fowke :  
 Our Kitling meyw'd, I meauf'd what she did aile,  
 I trail'd her out 'oth Ream Kit, by the Taile ;  
 Our Sew hes been 'ith Spence,thrawn down Whigg  
 I set it up again, with my awn hand :  
 Perry hes been ith Beef Tubb teau just now,  
 And maed as bad, or warle warke, than our Sew:  
 The Ewn for lack of Dittin, hes flake'd all'th heet.  
 Puddings and Pyes are daugh nut fit to Eat,  
 Thy Sammaron web thou sent to'th Bleacher well;  
 s stown,gray Geause Geflings all daz'd 'ith shell:  
 Our Bakin I put up 'ith Harden Seck,  
 The Milners let it fall into the Beck.  
 Waies

Waies is me Husband, our awd Bread's all gane

We mun mack bannocks till'th Bakin come hame

F. It comes ith Earnder Wife or else by Neaur

Come bring my Slippers *Tibb*, and deet my Sheaur

To Morn 'ith Ownder we mun dod our Sheep

The Weathers hact and Mawkes begin to Creep

M. Some's feal'd our Backston *Tibb*, or else it's gane

Is varra flaid some's gotten't for'th lang lane :

If I cud tell wheay's cutt our Band fra'th Sneek

Next time they come 'Is mack them Jet the Heck

Thou geayes *Tibb* like a Feaul, come leauke about

And see if thou can late our Backstane out :

D. There is seay monny Holes and Hurles to see

Thar Is neer finnd it, if I late this Vweek :

Some Tantril hes byn here and Stown't away

For it was liggin here, but tother day :

Whilk wayes our *Hobb* gane Mother, heres bafe

Yonders Gawe ith Garth, hes riven all his Sarke

What



What's warfe than ill Luck, late me' our Fruggin  
 He stopp'th Yat, till thou mack *Perry* lugg him :  
 Here'st Dubler broken, & nowther fowl nor breau  
 And He feay howl, I know nut what to deau:  
 The Fatt's all storken'd here, a sham to fee,  
 I wad this grifely Cat war hang'd for me,  
 Hame's hamely, if it be neer feay poor they fay,  
 And wee're but like to have poor Faire to day:  
 Here's mad warke *Hobb*, <sup>(thCar</sup> fpeer'th deaur & flay back  
 There'st Backon in her Mouth, hit her a bat:  
 Weel deaun *Hobb*, hefta gitten't leauke it's there,  
 It's lytle warfe, it's traild' ith mucky Fleaur,  
 Here'st Gully liggin, call thy Mother feaun,  
 He scrape it cleen, He feaure it's now past Neaun,  
 Fye, Fye, If wee'd nut come juft when we did,  
 Wee'd been misliken'd of our Dinners *Pegg* :  
 M. How feay I whemmeld Dubler owr'th Meat,  
 To keep it feaf and warm for you to Eat,  
 But'th

F. But th Cat had eaten't all if wee'd nut been,  
Dubler's broken, thou may trust thy nawn Een

This Backon macks me Sweat it's varra sawt,  
And its all reasty teau, thats a warse sawt :

(Cawd)  
M. They that eat til they sweat, and work till they  
Sike Fowkes are fitter to hang than hawd :

Yan knaws nut how to please you you'r seay fickle  
Sike Feauls as you, are in Dockin out Nettle :

All things are rect abroad, but nought at Hame,  
You'l finnd a faut I seaur whore there is nane :

F. I wad fain see a Fine Sun shiny day,  
Here's wancle Weather for gitting of our Hay,

What ails our Tibb, that she urles seay ith Neauke  
Shees nut rect she leauks an awd farrand Leauke

D. Fatter Ive gitten Cawd, I can scarfe Tawk  
(Snawke)  
And my Snurles are seay fayer stopt, I can nut

Nor snite my Nose, my Teeth Datther in my head  
Ie grown seay Healdy, I mun gang to Bed :

may thank my sell for sitting barehead,  
 but wilfull Fowkes, Duz never want weay its said.  
 How duz my Cosen *Tibb* Naunt I mun nut stay,  
 hard she gat a Cawd the other day,  
 Ey wellaneerin will ta gang and see,  
 he's aboon ith Chawmber, thou may clim upth Stee  
 kles on a Dovening now gang Dextly *Nan*,  
 and mack as little din as ee'r thou can :  
 Your mains flaid, ther's an awd saying you know  
 : That there's neay Carrion can kill a Cra v:  
 she be nut as dead as a deaur Naile,  
 e mack her flyer, and semper like flesh Cael ;  
 Thou Covers *Tibb*, I see thou's nut yet dead,  
 leauk at me Woman, and hawd up thy Head ;  
 . Ah *Nan* steek'th winderboard, & mack it dark,  
 my Neen are varra fair, they stoun and wark,  
 They are seay Gunny and Furr'd up some time,  
 can nut leauke at Lees nor see a Stime,  
 E Come

N. Come, come, I can mack thee Leetsome & Blicke,  
Here will be thy awd Sweet-heart here Belive.

He told me seay I saw him but last Neet,

O Tibb he is as fine as onny Kneet:

D. Nay Nan thou duz but Jybe, there's neay fike <sup>(thing,</sup>

He wooes another Lass, and gave her a Ring:

For Change of Pastures macks far Cawves it's said,

But Change of Women macks lean Knaves lfe flaid

I thought he lov'd me weel, he made fike shew,

But all's nut Gowd that glisters, I see now,

O're micle of yea thing, I've oft heard say,

Is good for neathing: and seay I finnd this day,

He was or'e keen to hawd as he began,

He was seay fond in Love as neer was Man,

But I may lye me down now, Seigh and Sob,

He cares neay mare for me now than a Dog:

N. Away, away great Feaul tack thou neay Care

He swears that hee'l love thee for evermare;

And

# Dialogus.

51

And sayes as ever he whopes his Saul to save,  
 Hee'l either wed to thee, or rull his Grave;  
 Wayes me he never meawted thou was ill,  
 But all is weel that ends weel I can tell:  
 He had come titter *Tibb*, if he had knawn,  
 Thou war feay Ill, what woman hee's thy nawn.  
 He sayes hee'd leather tack thee in thy Smock,  
 Then some with Fifty Pund, means is but Muck:  
 D. Thou macks me laugh *Nan*, if all be true thou saies  
 I whope that than Iſe ſee ſome Joyful dayes,  
 Hee's made me heve monny a ſad Heart,  
 I thought he'd left me and wad nut tack my part:  
 But then ſometimes I thought it's a black Crake,  
 That never to her ſell can get a Make:

N. The reaſon why he duz nut come and gang,  
 He ſayes Love me leetly, and Love me lang  
 (hawd  
 There's luck in leizure, he'd heve your loves tack

He ſayes he's heard that haet love is ſeaun cawd:

He can love the House weel that hes *Tibb* in,  
 And nut be alwayes Rideing o'th Riggin  
 Next time he comes he'l tell thee all his Mind:  
 Seay be nut *Stanfra* but loving and kind:  
 And let him kifs and grape teau if he will,  
 Thou's neer warfe woman, for there's nean can tell.  
*D.* He's had neay want of that, *web* macks me think  
 The 'Proverbs true that proffer'd things duz stink:  
 The things that we heve deaun *Isc* arfe to tell,  
 But I suppose thou's deaun the same with *Will*:  
*N.* Pray thee tell me *Tibb*, tell me woman seau  
 And Ile tell thee what *Will* and I heve deaun,  
*D.* If I sud tell the Reeks that we heve had.  
 Thou'l kittle seay, it'l mack thee just stark mad:  
*N.* Thou sets me now Agog untill I hear,  
 Thou need nut blush come whisper me 'ith Ear:  
*D.* What need I whisper, thou knaws young wo-  
 To git a Lively Lad, use all their skill,

He kist me first, did grape my Breefts and than,  
Went lawer down, thou knaws what teau dear *Nan*  
*N.* Tell me I pray thee what did he *Tibby*,  
Did he beat a *Larum* on thy *Spiddy* :

I know that thou wad let him deau it gratis,  
If yance he gat but to thy *Nunquam satis* :  
Then thou wad cleave like *Ivy* to a Tree,  
Come thou may tell here's neayn but thee & me,  
*D.* I dare nut tell for flaid now of my Mother,  
Pray thee be quiet *Nan* thou's like another,  
I will nut tell unless thou will declare

What *Will* and thou did when you went to'th Faire  
*N.* When *Will* did git to mine within an Inch,  
O *Tibb*, how I did kittle than and winch :

I blush to tell what follow'd after that,  
Young Men will heve a bit *Tibb* for their Cat :  
*D.* Wheeshit, wheeshit, my Mother's coming up I

And shees heard all our Tawke *Nanny* I fear :

I dare nut speak a word now less or mare,  
 For if she hear she'l whang me varra sayer,  
 N. Wad she war hang'd, that cud nut stay belawe,  
 I had as leeve be fel'd, as nut all knaw:  
 Ise hear all out, when I have time ro stay,  
 My Naunts just here now, farewell Ile away  
 I mun be ganging now, Ise scaure its time,  
 I've nowther been at Kye, nor sarra'd 'th Swine.

M. What ista ganging Nan will thou nut stay,  
 (Lownd day.  
 How comes thy Clathes scay flurr'd Barne this  
 Thou's never Tite there's always something wrang,  
 Wad ta saw thy sell thou great Gammerstang:  
 For sham Woman Reet um down as ta geayes  
 Ise scaur thou hes neay mence neer in thy Clayes  
 Beseaur hereafter, Thou tack better Care,  
 For Meat is Mickle but Mence is mare:  
 Yonders our Owse is loppen o're the Yate,  
 Nan Slatch him back, as thou gangs up'th Town gate;  
 Naunt



N. Naunt Ile nut mell, Outlefs he war our awn,  
What ist weaud Owfe, that hiped at our Brawn,

M. Nea nea great Stags what a durdam thou macks,  
It's him that brack down'th railles, to'th haver stacks  
When thou gangs up the Town, thou'l know him

He's a fine Flan Head; and a pure brown Greatin,

N. Here's your *Hob* comming let him gang his fell  
I tell you plain, Ile nowther mack nor mell:

Iheve neay time now up the Town to Rame

There is odd Charrs for me to deau at hame:

(Owfe)

M. Husband is *Hob* gane to fetch back'th weaud

A wee bit fine out o'th Fawd garth brack lowfe

F. If he can but dree, I saw him yeaud up'th Town,

And seay I think he's gane to flate him down;

Our Hay was seay ill gitten this wet year,

It hes nea Feausan in't at all, I swear,

My *Maugh* did say, this Hay'l be nought you'l see,

I find an awd Ape now, hes an awd Ec:

Wife whar's become of my Spatterdashers,  
 Pray thee yeaud up'th Greefe & fetch'th Garnaflhae  
 For I mun gang to'th Field, and fetch some Hay  
 And give Ilkin o'th Drapes some while I stay,  
 There is a Reacky Cow that beats all'th rest,  
 And till I Fother'd them I never wist,  
 Tother hes Booke and Bane, and are as tall  
 And yet she macks um run on Snocksnarles all  
 Bring me our Hay Spade *Hob*, hushta good Lad  
 Tack teaum, and gome thy feet what ista mad  
 Some Rogue hes Stown our Cawfhouse deaur away  
 Mind *Hobb* if thou can Speer it out to day,  
 Outapont how that Hen gobbles up all'th Groate  
 Thur Birds are all Cumber lfe cut their Throat  
*M.* You've setten'th Hen a Flowter, & she did fettle  
 To git her Birds all under the Lang Settle:  
 She gat a Gliffe o'th Dog, hit him a Nawpe,  
 Or els lfe tack up'th Tengs and break his Scam  
 Wha

F. What a durdams here, thou macks great warke  
(darke

They'l heve their gutts stamp't out when it grows

M. Stand by Caingell, let me crum um some Bread  
lfe arse to put them out, because o'th Glead,

F. What a whanck's there, if thou fike wast do mack  
I mun late'th Needle whore it never slack;

M. They'l yeild some money, though it be little,  
And monny. a little duz mack a Mickle:

F. I care uut an they war' all drown'd i'th Dike,  
They're nut worth an Atchison, nor twenty fike,

M. Your a cheap man trouble nut your Jobber Nowl  
He give um some Trouts, reach me hither'th Bowl.  
(hawves,

F. Thou's nought but babbles thou duz things to'th  
(Cawves

Thou'd mare need gang and mack some Cael for'th  
(Bleare,

They're starv'd for want of meat hark how they  
When steed's stown thou may steek'th Stable deaur

M. You're full of Care, and neer had onny yet,

A pund of care'l nut pay an ounce of debt:

Braggs

Braggs a good Dog. I've heard my Granny tell  
But he was hang'd for Biting that was Ill:

If I'd nut tane mare care then you, Ile seaur,  
Before this day wee'd all been turn'd to'th deaur

F. Ile yeild thy humour thou mun heve I see  
Or els I seaur, Thou'l neither Height nor Ree

It's a good Horfe that duz never stumble,  
And a good Wife that duz never grumble:

M. Come come for all this Clutter you do keepe,  
You'd better have a Shrew, than heve a Sheep:

F. Come bring my Jerkin Tibb: Ile to'th Arvil,  
Yon mans dead seay seaur, it macks me marvil:  
I thought he leauk'd weel Yesterday at Neaur,  
I little dream'd he wad be dead seay seaur:

Come Wife mack ready will nut thou gang teau,  
Let Tibb deau'th warke, if there be ought to deau:

M. Nay nay you know I cannut gang full weel,  
For'th Cooper isto bring Hame'th Kirn and Skeel.

Wya

Wya fare ye weel than, for Ile away,  
They're boon to'th Kirke, and seay I mun nut stay.  
I've gotten fike a Whelke, as I com Hame  
Just now it made my Gutts all kelke agane;  
Mack hast good Peg sweepth house & don thee seaim  
Our Land-Lord Woman will be here by Neaun,  
had an Incklin ont at'th Arvil Feast,  
Methinks he macks deevlish stickle but hast.  
It's time for me about the house to Trip,  
He's be as welcome as watter into a Ship:  
Sweep'th Arrans down, till all be clean neer lin,  
As he'l leauk all Agye when he comes in:  
I wad nut heve him here for onny thing,  
Although a Cat may leauke Pegg at a King:  
Thou leauks a Doz and leauke, rub or'e thy Face  
With dishclout, and put on thy Coife with Lace:  
Ile into'th Loft, and don my Clathes, now Will  
And you to git some Eldin seaim your sell,  
And

And mack *Tibb* mend up'th Fire, its ommost o  
 And let her rub down'th Table with a Clout :  
 Ise ready now let him come when he will,  
 But nowther'th Why nor Filly we will sell,  
 Let's nut cast down our Hearts though he be ma  
 As lang lives a merry Heart as a sad :  
 Its nut aboon Three weeks gane sine'th Rent d  
 Husband what heve you gitten up to pay :  
*F.* Ive Five Nobles *Pegg*, and some odd mon  
 Thou seld some Cheeses hes thou onny :  
*M.* Seven groats and a penny is all my Stock  
 Thou knaws whore't ligs, Ive nowther Key nor lo  
*F.* Pray thee tell truly, hes thou neay mare  
 Did Thou nut sell some Garn at our last Fair  
*M.* What if I did, heve I nut mare to pay,  
 Than I can mack of Trouts, Kirm-Milk & W  
 Wadta have me keaun, or deau that is warfe,  
 Turne Whore and Addle money with my Na

I have mare under my hands to gang about,  
 Thou's nut think that I be thy Underlout:  
 Thou snoutbands me sayr, may I nut Jest,  
 I feaur I meant neay harm to thee 'ith least;  
 Come hither *Hobb*, what little Stock hes thou,  
 I knaw thou's Addled some with driveing Plew  
 The small Stock, I've gitten up together,  
 Twelve Bodles, a Groat and Six pence Farther,  
 I mun borrow't *Hobb*, what ista willing,  
 When I gitt mony thou's have a Shilling:  
 I'll gang and fetch't, it's hard fest in a Clout,  
 You may seaun lowse't your sell, and tack it out:  
 Here's three and three pence in odd money *Peg*,  
 That macks Forty Shillings, reet as my Leg.  
 I fashions a Life, here's't Land-Lord just at deaur,  
 Stand you by, I'll speak to him do nut fear:  
 I'll cum to see you, how dusta *Billy*  
 What macks Thee hustle, thou's mare fawse then  
 Thou

filly

Thou Glincks & glimes seay, I'd misken'd thy Face

If thou had wont at onny other place:

Ist God Morn, or God Deen, what festa *Will*,

I think you heve nut din'd, heres agood smell.

*F.* Lect pray you Land-lord, & you seaun will knaw

I think my wife hes Pyes ir'n Ewn to draw:

Thou casts a Lect a Lantom *Pegg*, thou's mains fine

Have you some Guests to come to day to Dine,

*M.* Vellancering, wee'd need have every Neaum

Something thats good to keep our Hearts aboon

*L.* But courset Faire, I think might you content

You tack neay thought how to pay me my Rent

*M.* Good Land-Lord spare us we're but pour & bare

Whore'th Hedge is law, it's eath gitting 'ore there

When yans down down with um, it duz appear

We heve had monny Losses this same year:

Our Sheep are dead ith Rot, and you do knaw

The price of Butter inow is varra law,

Wec



## Dialogue.

Weese pay you as we mack't and as't coms in,  
And you can have neay mare or'h Cat but'th skin:  
Here's Forty shillings, we heve neay mare,  
Weese have a Cow to sell at our neest Fair:  
What can I deau with this it will nut clear,  
And pay seay mickle, as streights your awd Arrear,  
Here's bad times, prey ya Land-Lord be content,  
Forbear us but and you's heve all your Rent.  
But it will be a lang time first lse feard,  
And whiles'th Girse grows Horse starves as I've <sup>(heard</sup>  
Next time I come, you mun clear off I leauk,  
Thur driblets mack me scrat, whor't duz nut yeauk  
But you mun let us rive up some fresh grund,  
Or els wee'l turn your Farme into your hand:  
Wad ye'd gane titter, I had been neay warfe,  
or your nut worth the warst Part of my A—  
You may gang when you will lse' never care,  
git another Tennant I neer fear:

Wee'r

## A Poem

Wee'r Sattle'd here, and seay to stir weel laith  
 But weel I wait, weese gether here nea Grath,  
 L. You ill my Farme for you have said to some  
 Your quite undeaun and beggar'd fine you ccm  
 F. Some Pikethanks for ill will hes teld you that,  
 An unquoth Dog hes monny barkers at,  
 Ille Sackless on't Sir, by this fire that Reeks,  
 Ille swear't upon all Beauks that opens and steeks,  
 If we sud swelt our hearts it will nut deau,  
 T'afford Sour Milk, and Bread and Rent up teau,  
 Yet of your Farm, I neer said an ill word,  
 To onny Body I will besworn Land-Lord:  
 I was teld, Ist gir, Gowd Grapes here by some Fowke,  
 But now I see I've bought a Pig in a Poke;  
 L. Away away if I sud let you sit,  
 Rent free I see you cud nut live on it,  
 Your Corn's as Rank as ever it can stand,  
 There's like a wreck, it ligs all down o'th Land,  
And

And yet you say your Farm is starke 'oth Rent,  
And you for Tenants give me neay content,  
You cannut pay nor I cannut forbear,  
Provide seay for you selves another year;  
Wee'r nut sea Browden on't as you suppose,  
think langer we stay the mare weefe lose:  
Wadwe'd nee'r kend your Farm, nor had cum here  
But bought wit's best if it cost nut 'ore dear,  
There's neay Feaul like to'th awd Feaul, I may say  
They that are bund I see they mun obey,  
The time that we com here, we've cause to Curse,  
A tumbling Stane I see neer gathers Moss:  
We war o're weel before and did nut wait,  
And now we may the time rue, when'ts ore late.  
Com, com, for all your goodly Cracks & Brags,  
All Husbands and Sluggards, mun gang in Rags:  
If you aw'd Money when you com to'th Farme,  
Your Creditors not it heve deaun you harm:

If all your Stock be gane lean to your Kin,  
 Near is my Sarke, but nearer is my Skin;  
 Charity begins at Home Ife nut bund  
 To let you live Rent free upon my grund:  
 There's neay sell like to'th awne sell; yeu've Farmer <sup>(and</sup>  
 Offer'd you say, God speed you, Ife nee'r R  
 A weaud Horse I've heard it oft Reported  
 And a Rotten Harrow are seaun parted:  
 Fare weel, Ife weay to finnd'th awd saying tru  
 It's an ill made Bargain, whore beath Parties Ru  
 F. I've set our Land-Lord forward, wife hee's gan  
 Our Hob's nut weel, he's a base stincking yane  
 He's troubl'd with worms, he can nut Sleep nor Li  
 Give him Wormseed and Treacle pray thee Peg  
 Weay worth this trash, Ife flaid my Lad's undeau  
 He's varra Seek, it works at his Heart Speaun:  
 To Morne I'le gang to'th Market, and hire Tibb  
 And Peggy Thou thy Sell, fall Spin out'th Web  
 why

Dialogue.

67

Whya Husband, you may deau what you will,  
If I be weel, Ise git it deaun my sell;

N. How deaye all, what Naunt as I hear say,  
*Tibby* hes tane a Godspenny to day:

Ise come to knaw before I gang to Bed,  
I thought this *Martinmas* she wad be wed

M. Wayes is me she's ore Young for a good Man,  
(*Nan*)  
There's mare Fowks wed than keeps good Houses

She's Booke and Bane aneugh I knaw that's true  
But ill weed waxes fast and feay duz Thou:

N. Ore young say you, I seare she's gane eighteen  
And few but at that age, they are Man keen:

Pray you what Age war you when you did wed,  
At sixteen Naunt you lost your Maidenhead:

M. But they that wed before they'r wife, it's said  
Will dee before they thrive, and feay Ise flaid  
Will Thou and She, and all sike Flirtigiggs,  
That's fit for nought but serving Brewster Piggs

I marvel thy Mother gits nur thee a Dame,  
It's fitter for thee then to stay at Hame,

To flaver and Spin, and run an odd Char

A good Service war better for thee farr :

N, What like an a Service as Tibbs to have,

I had as leeve be carrid to my Grave ;

M. How sea what ails her Service can thou tell

Thou'lt nowther let her thrive, nor thrive thy sell :

N. I hear Tibb is to gang to Mistress Nice,

She'l Rue, I'le warrant more than yance or twice,

She'l deal her Neaves about her, I hear tell,

She's timetous to please, and varra Fell,

First thing that comes to hand she'l let it flee,

Nearis yable to abide her Crueltie ;

She'l Nawpe and Nevel them without a Cause,

She'l make them late their reeth Naunt in their <sup>(Hawle</sup>

She's kittle of her hands, & of her tongue seay rise,

That Tibb lfe scaure will have but an ill Life ;

He

Ile lay a Wager that *Tibb* never stayes

A New Measur, and an awd, nay not ten dayes :

M. Thou's had a good Layer Father *Nan* I guess,

Or els I feare, thou never cud tell this ;

Birlady but my Barne shall never be

A Battingstock for her, Thou's plainly see :

Her Godspenny, shall be sent back to Moarn,

*Tibbs* stay at Hame with me *Nan* Ile besworne,

I know here'l be a Sain'd for her to come,

But she nee'r care, although her Mistres Gloom,

My Lads fall nowther Dame nor Mistres have,

Leather then gang to be a perfect Slave ;

N. My Neem's now coming farewell Ile to Bed,

I've sitten till my Feet's as caw'd as Lead ;

M. Nay pretinec stay *Nan* but a wirly Bit,

I heve some Garne to send with thee to Lit,

I stole a Kessup *Nan*, fra thy Father,

Which made me a deel of dainy preaser :

But Ill gitten, Ill gane, is true I finnd,  
 For it's all scatter'd, and's made an ill end:  
 Sea pray thee lend me a little Earning

For we mun mack some Cheese in the Morning:

*N.* Let *Tibb* come 'ore as seaun as she gits up,  
 And I fall send you back by her a soape:

*M.* What hast's thou in stay and tack a drink *Nan*  
 There's Beer o'th Table, 'ith little Can, (drawn

*N.* This Drink's all dowl'd, how lang ist fine't was

It is nut hawfe sea fresh Naunt as our awn:

*R.* Yon Town's a dree way off *Pegg*, Ise sare tire'd  
*Tibb* is all Jarbil'd, and Ise basely Mire'd:

As we went 'ore a Steel out starts a Hare,  
 Our *Tibb*, gave like a Glent, it flaid her sare:

We went into an House, I lost my Staff,

I finnd its true, Still Sew eats all the Draffe,

All Fowk's deny'd, but yan beyond the Board,

And he had stown'e, and never said a word,

How



# Dialogue.

71

How dusta Wife, thou is nut weel I think,  
 Thou graines varra fare, wлта have a drink,  
 A grunting Horse, and graining Wife, nee'r will  
 Their Rider fail, as I have heard Fowks tell,

M. Wya wya, I can bide your Scoffs and scornes,  
 But God be than <sup>k</sup>'d a Curst Cow gits short Horns  
 You'd leather see me hanging weel I wait,

Than see me ganging up and down'th Town gate,  
 F. You meause wife as ye use, lse neay sike man,  
 I can nut please I see deau what I can,

M. You are unsawncy, I think by my life,  
 With tawkin to you I heve broken my Knife:  
 F. It's eath to mack'th Barne greet whore'th lip doth

You Gloom seay Wife, I thought you'd have a Fling  
 At me, or some els in the House, ee'r Neet,  
 Something is alwayes wrang, all's never reet,

M. Gloom Co yea, it macks me as seeke as a Horse,  
 Never to have a penny in my Purse:  
 Better's

F. Better's a coming pray thee do not wreak,  
 What Woman but for hope the Heart wad break  
 God nee'r sent Mouths, but he sent Meat alway,  
 After fowl Weather followes a fair day:

That Man falls law that nee'r again durz Rise,  
 Hope weell and have weell, is said by the wise  
 I nee'r fear, but Fortune again will smile,  
 If we can have but patience for a while:

We sall heve Luck Golore tack thou neay Care,

Though we at present be but varra Bare:

Some Rise and some do fall strangely we see,

Give a man Luck and thraw him into'th Sea.

Here's good Tobacco Wife it cost a prindle,

How mun I leet my Pipe, Whaugh here's nea Ingle:

M. What need you Rame seay, you see'th fire's gane

Poul out your Touchwood, box, Steel, & flint stane,

Then strike a Fire, and leet a Seave I Reed,

And smauke your Pipe before we gang to Bed:

Unself

break, P. Unfest my Collar poynt Wife, Than let us Kisse  
And pray for Love, mell them whore ther nean is.

way, What din is yon, lets gang to'th deaur good wife,  
And Lithe, yonders some Flight, I lay my Life:

life, M. Marry Husband you have a special gues, IT  
wife Hark you what warke, yonders 'tween Nell & Bess

*A Cruel Flight begins,  
Amel tweay former Friends.*

care, N. <sup>(last Neer,</sup> **T**hou Ugly Whore what wark made thou  
Thou deserves douking if thou had thy Rect;

le: That wad ceaul rhy sawt A— thou fullsome Bitch,  
O Rotten Jade thou gave young Nobbs the Itch:

ne Last time he clapperclaw'd thy Reeking A—  
He may be glad and fain it was neay warle:

ne, B. <sup>(than thy fell</sup> Thou lucken-brow'd Trull, there's nean warle

ft Thou went to ceaul thy Tail thou knaws at th well  
When

When every grisely Scab it was seay big,  
 And fare that thou cud neither sit nor lig:  
 I neer Besh — my sell, as thou did Bitch,  
 When 'th Fellow wrought seay fare he gat a stitch  
 Thou cud not git him off thy Belly Jade,  
 Till thou was forced to cry our for Aide,  
 And than'th whorsbird thy Daughter *Jan* com in  
 And pould him of, and drufft & made thee clean:  
 N. I scorn thy words thou filthy Refie Jade,  
 Thou's gotten an 'ore heat Birch with thy Trade,  
 Geay shack thy Scabs off Whore, & wesh thy skin:  
 Thou stands mare need than I of macking clean:  
 B. Hang thee whore, hang thee, I never was laid yet  
 Between two Feather Beds, to get a Sweat:  
 My hair did nee'r come off thou dirty Drab,  
 As thine did when thy Nose was in a Scab:  
 I ne'r was laid down druncken on a Bed,  
 With all my Clathes poul'd up whore to my head,  
 And

and sea left fast asleep with a great Candle  
 turning between thy Houghs, that all meet handle,  
 and then deaur what they wad thou druncken Sew,  
 Thy Tallow face is like to mack me Spew :  
 How lang ist fine the Lads did shout and hollow  
 And after thee with Rotten Eggs did follow :  
 Thou mawky whore, thou hes forgotten seaur,  
 Ineth Cramer gat the up again a deaur,  
 With midst of all'th Towngate, and'th Lads com by;  
 And saw you at it, than they set up a Cry:  
 And than beath thou & he away did sneake,  
 Withou can say ought for thy sell, Whore speake,  
 N. Thou lees, thou lees, thou grisely Braslen Face,  
 nee'r was Pybald yet, ith Saddle place :  
 Nor had a Surgeon to Syring me,  
 As thou had Whore, when thou cud hardly see  
 Thy Head and Face, they war seay swell & fare,  
 That thou had scarcely left thee onny Haire :  
 At

B. As weel haire'd as thy fell, Thou nasty Queer  
 Hang thee, thou fulsome Trull, thou's never clean  
 Base Tantrill I never use to tack Nect Raimble  
 And heve my Clathes ram'd up in Butchers Shair  
 Ther's filthy stinking Flesh when thine liggs there  
 O'th day time fear there's nean can like like war  
 N. As good Ware as thy fell Whore every wher  
 I never was laid down on a Midden yet,  
 With a Drunken Tinkler fund at warke  
 Between my Legs Whore; it was nut seay dart  
 But they cud plainly see that did gang by,  
 How sweetly thou and thy Tinkler did lye,  
 B. Away, away Whore, thou tells up and down  
 How monny Men hes laid with thee i'th Town  
 Thou's a bold Whore, thy like was feldome seen  
 I marvel neay good Wife Claws out thy Nect  
 N. Clawt out my neen Whore, but I le dill thy din  
 I le coul thy Haggas Bitch, if I begin,

# Dialogue.

27

ay run nut Whore, Thou's nut feay leet of feaur,

git thee an the Devil git the nut;

ay Whore I've gitten haud, Ile coul thee down,

and shew thy Neighbours thy bald Scabby Crown

Murder, Murder, good Neighbours help me seaur.

the Bites and Scrats, Ile flaid Ile be undeaum:

Way worth this Whore, she's riven all my pinner

by Coife, and Hankercher' as Ile a Sinner:

make thee pay for this. Whore Ile besworn,

we have a Warrant for the Jade to Moarn:

What prates ta still, wad ta have mare yet Trull

fore 'I gang thou's have thy Belly full:

What runs ta Whore, hesta gitten 'th deaur Sporne

we have another Bout with thee to Mørne:

thou peeps yet whore, cum out again thou Bitch,

and I fall Scrub off all thy Scabs, and Itch,

thak I've wheested thee Whore, for this Neet,

thou sal be feaur of mare next time we meet:

Wadta

B. Wad, ta kiss'd my A-thou Jarble tail'd Trull  
 Thou's just like a Cow thars keen 'oth Bull no  
 Thou pins and decks thy sell to get a Ride  
 And nean that knaws thee will like Ket bestrid  
 N. Oh Whore had I but thee here out again,  
 I'de mack thy Ribs to Reeke, and Guts to gra  
 If ever I git thee in my Clutches,  
 Ile mack the fit Jade to gang on Crutches.

*The Authors  
 Conclusion.*

My Papers at an end Ile take my Ease,  
 Here's too much paines bestow'd unless it please

**FINIS.**



An Alphabetical

# CLAVIS,

Unfolding the Meaning of all the

## Book=shire

Words made use of in the aforegoing  
DIALOGUE.

---

A.

**I** Se Arfe; that is I am afraid.

Auters; signifies strange work, or  
strange things.

Amell; is Between.

Awne; Signifies own.

To Rive all dawds; is to tear all in  
pieces.

Ackwards; is when a beast lies back-  
wards and cannot rise.

What

*What ailes this deaur; is what's the  
matter with this door.*

*An Aumry; is a Cupboard to put bread  
or meat in.*

*Awd; is Old.*

*Awdfarrand; is grave and sober.*

*Aboon; is above,*

*To set one Agog; is to make one long on  
desire,*

*Asta; Signifies as thou,*

*An Atchison; is a Scot'ch Coyne worth  
fower Bodles,*

*An Arvill; is a Funeral.*

*To look Agye is to look aside.*

B.

*A Barne; is a Child,*

*A Battin; is the Straw of two  
Sheaves foulded together.*

*Behawfe; is behalf.*

To

To Batt'n ; signifies to feed or like well.

Beestlings ; is the first milk after Calving.

Belive ; is in the Evening,  
Burne, is water.

To blend, is to mix or put together.

Baurghwans, are horse Collars,

To bide billinge at , is to abide working at.

Breckins , signifies Fearn.

A Banke, is a Balke.

Blendings , are Beans and Pease mixed together.

Bigg , is of the nature of Barly, and makes good Malt.

A Bull segg , is a gelded Bull,

Backon, is Bacon.

Beclarted , is Besmeared or Bedaubed.

A bend Kitt , is a kind of a great Can with a Cover.

A Bleacher, is a whiter of Cloath.

A Bakin, is Corn put up to send to the Mill for bread.

A Beck, is a River.

Bannocks, are Cakes baked before the fire.

A Back-stone, is a stone or iron to bake Cakes on.

Blithe, is glad.

Breests, are breasts.

A Brawne, is a Boar.

Booke and bane, signifies lusty and strong.

To bleare, is to roar and cry.

Twelve Bodles, signifies two pence,

To be browden on a thing, is to be fond on a thing.

Birlady, is by our Lady.

A batting stock, is a beating stock,

Beath, is both.

Brean, is supping Meat, or Grazy and fat for brewis, &c.

C.

Rockie, is a little Scotch Cowe.

Cawven, is Calved.

A Cowe cleening, is the bag that hangs  
at the Cows Box after she hath new  
Calved.

A Cawfe, is a Calfe.

Cawd, is cold.

Caell, are Potage.

To Ceauke, is to Cook.

To Clawt, is to tear or phll.

Cassons, are dryed Cow turds,

Casse, is Chasse.

Like to clem, is very dry ready to  
choak.

A Carle Cat, is a dog-Cat, or Hee  
Cat.

Nought Cottens weell, is Nothing goes  
right.

Cud, is could.

Chamber ; is a Chamber.

A Cawe , or a Crake , is a Crow.

To Cover , is to recover.

Clathes , are Clothes.

Cumber , is trouble.

A Caingel , is a toothy crabbed fellow.

To keep a clutter , is to make a great stir.

Coyea , is quoth you.

To Ceaul , is to cool.

To Clapperclawe , is to work earnestly or beat or Fight earnestly.

A Crammer , is a Bowle sewer.

To Cool ones Haggas , is to beat one soundly.

D.

**I** Se dinge , that is I shall beat.

**I** Dest , is pritty.

Daft

Dast, is fond or foolish.

Deann, is done.

A Dubler, is a Dish to lay Meat on.

Dench'd, is finely Mouthed or Curious.

Drasse, is Graines.

Deau, is do.

Deaur, is a door.

Degg-bound, is mightily swelled in the Belly.

Dittin, is Morter to stop up the Oven withal.

Dayugh, is Dough.

To Deet, is to wipe and make clean.

To Dodd Sheep, is to cut the wool away about their Tailes.

To Datther, is to Tremble with cold.

Duz, signifies does.

Destly, is softly or leasurely.

A Dowening, is a slumber.

Din, is noyse.

A Durdam, is a great noyse or stir.

To dree, is to hold out, or be able to go.

A drie way of, is a long way off,

A drape, is a Cow to be fatted that gives no milk.

A Dike, is a little Pond or watery place.

To Don, is to put ones Clothes on,

A doz and leanke, is an old withered look.

Dusta, is does thou.

Driblets, are small inconsiderable things.

Dowl'd, is dead or flat, and not brisk.

Drust, signifies drest.

To deck one self, is to make them trim and fine.



E.

**E**En, are Eyes.  
**E**wes, is an Udder,  
 Ey, ey; is Yes, Yes.  
**E**ard, is Earth.  
 Ewn, is an Oven,  
 Earnder, is the forenoon,  
 Eldin, is Wood and sticks for the fire,  
 Eath, is easie.  
 Earning, is Rennet to make Cheese with-  
 all.

F.

**F**Laid, is afraid.  
**F**eant, is a foot.  
 Fra, is from  
 Finnd, is find.  
 Fawt, is fault.  
**F**aine, is glad.

Feauls

Feawls, is Ffoles.

Fund, is found.

Flung, is thrown.

Fleahre, is floor.

Faugh, is Fallow.

Fondly, is foolishly.

Fowkes, is Folk.

Feck, is the most or greatest part.

Fogg, is fresh Grass that comes after  
Mowing.

Feald, is hid.

Fruggin, is a Pole to stir in the Oven  
when it is heated to stir the asbes  
up.

Flyer, is to laugh.

Feard, is afraid.

To be feld, is to be knocked down.

Flur'd, is all Ruffled.

A Flan head, is a broad large head.

Feausan, is Taste or moisture.

Flowter, is when one is angry or af-  
fraid.

To

To Fettle, is to make ready, or prepare.

A Filly, is a Mare Foale, or young Mare,

To Fest, is to tye.

A Flirtigiggs, is a wanton fond Lass.

Fell, is fierce and keen.

A Flight, is a Scoulding-match.

## G.

**B**Y Grape, is by grope.

To Greet, is to weep.

Geay, is go.

Town-gate, is the Town Street.

Gang, is go.

Groats, are Oatmeal.

Gawts and Gilts, are Hog-pigs, and

Sow-pigs.

Gor, is miery or dirty.

Grip'd, is delv'd to drain away wa-

ter.

Geause,

Geause, is a Goose.

To Goame, is to mind.

Grise, is Swine.

Girse, is Grass.

Glorr fatt, is very fat.

God Morn, is a good Morning to you.

Goddeen, is a good Evening.

Garne, is a yarne.

To Gawve, is to stare.

Grisely, is ugly.

A Gully, is a house Knife, to cut bread, &c.

Gunny and furr'd, is sore running eyes.

Gammerstang, is a great foolish wamon Girle.

Greann, is a Month.

Greese, signifies Staires into a Chamber.

Gammashaes, are course Cloath Stockings that butten upon other Stockings to keep one warm.

To

To Gobble, is to eat greedily.

A Glisse, is a sudden sight of a thing by chance.

A Glead, is a Kite.

Granny, is a Grand-mother.

Glincks and Glimes, signifies to look cunningly.

Grath, is Riches.

Godspenny, is an Earnest-penny,

To Gloom, is to frown and be sullen.

Grane, is to groan

To Glent, is to start aside.

Golore, is great plenty, or abundance,

H.

**T**O Hye, is to make haste.

Harnes, signifies Braines,

To Hipe, is to push with the Head,

Hand, is hold.

Hame, is Home,

Hobb, is Robert.

Haver,

**Haver**, is *Oates*.

**An Hurn**, is a hoal behind the Chimney.

**Hinderends**, are the Offall of Corn when it is winnowed.

**Haet**, is hot.

**Hames**, are the crooked pieces of wood that are put upon Horse Collars.

**An Hopper**, is a Seed-lip, or Basket the Husband-men put their Seed-Corn in, when they sowe their Land.

**An Hemble**, is an Hovel or house to put Cattel under, or Wayns or Carts into.

**An Haver Riddle**, is a Sive they use in Winnowing of Oates.

**Harden**, is Hempen.

**Hing**, signifies hang.

**Helters**, is Halters.

**Holes**

Holes and burles, are odd dark blind  
holes in a house.

Hes, is bath.

Howle, is hungry.

Hesta, is has thou.

Heauldy, is one that is tender and cannot  
endure much cold.

Hushta, signifies to hold fast or mind  
ones feet.

Hawves, is halves.

Height nor Ree, signifies a wilful per-  
son that will not be perswaded to  
any thing, but what they list.

Hustle, is to sbrug ones Shoulders.

Heart-speaun, is the hole betwixt the  
Breast and Belly.

Hause, is the Throat.

Houghs, are the Leggs and Thighs.

I.

**I**lfavart, is unhansome.

**To Jet the Heck,** is to put one to the door.

**Jybe,** is to mock or Jeer,

**Ista,** signifies art thou,

**Ilkin,** is each one.

**Jobber Nowle,** signifies a Logger-head.

**Jerkin,** is a kind of a jacket or upper Dublet with four Skirts or laps.

**An Inckline,** signifies to have knowledge or hear of a thing.

**Ise,** signifies sometimes I shall, and sometimes I am.

**Ist,** signifies is it.

**Jarbl'd,** is dagled or dirty.

**Ingle,** signifies fire.



## K.

**A** Keanstril, is a great bon'd course Creature.

A Keanke, is a Cook.

Knawe, is Know.

To Kedge, is to fill one very full.

A Kite, signifies the belly.

Kirne Milk, is butter Milk.

Knarl'd, is eaten and torn with the Teeth.

A Kneet, is a Knight.

Keen, signifies Fierce or earnest.

Knawn, is known,

To Kittle, is to Tickle.

Kye, are Cowes.

A Kirne, is a Chirne.

A Kirk, is a Church.

Kelk signifies to Groan.

## L.

**T**O Late, is to seek.

A Laer, is a Barn.

Lig, is to lye.

Leauke, is to look or behold.

Newer Lin, signifies not to tire or give  
over.

Lang, is long.

To Lite, is to Rely on, or trust to.

Liggin, is lying or resting.

Lyth ye, Lyth ye, is as much as to say  
hark ye, hark ye.

To Lug, is to tug, pull or bite.

A Libber, is a Gelder.

Leeter, is Lighter.

For'th lang Lane, is when a thing  
is borrowed with an intention never  
to be pay'd again.

Leetsome, signifies to be pritty Chear-  
ful.

Leather,

- Leather, is rather.  
 Lawer, is lower.  
 Lownd, is calm and mild.  
 Loppon, is Leaped.  
 A Langsettle, is a long Wainscot Bench  
 to sit on.  
 A Loft, is a Chamber.  
 To Leet, is to alight.  
 A Lantom, is a pritty distance, or way  
 off.  
 Laith, is loath.  
 A Layer-father, is an Instructor, Teach-  
 er, or prompter.  
 To Lit, is to dye.  
 Lucken Brow'd, is hanging knit  
 Brows.  
 Thou lees, is thou lyes.

H

M.

## M.

**T**O mack, is to make.

Mirk, is dark.

To mar, is to spoil.

Mistetch, signifies to get an ill use of  
Custom.

Mell, is Between.

Mare, is more.

To Meanse, is wonder or admire.

Mun, is must.

Maut, is Malt.

Meay, is moe.

A Meer, is a Mare.

Maugh, is a brother-in-Law.

Meeterly, is indifferent.

Mawks, are Maddocks.

Mislicken'd, is disappointed.

Mains flaid, is much afraid.

Mickle is much.

Meanted, is thought, dreamed, or feared.

A Make, is a fellow, or companion.

Mence, is handsomnest, or Crédit.

To marvil, is to admire or wonder.

Misken, is not to know.

Mains fain, is very glad.

Mains fine, is very fine.

Meann, is the Moon.

Meause as you use, that is when one judgeth another according to their own doings.

Mawkie, is full of Maddocks.

To Morne, is to morrow.

## N.

**N**Ar, is near.

Neen, signifies Eyes.

Nut, is not.

Ncan or Neayn, is none.

Neay, is no.

A Newke or Neawke, is a Corner.

Neet, is night.

Neem, is Uncle.

Neer Rack, is never matter, or take  
no care.

Neawn, is Noon.

Nawn, is own.

Nowther, is neither.

Neest, is next.

Naupe and Newill, is to beat and  
strike.

O.

**O**ught, is any thing.

Onny, is any.

Ownder, is the afternoon.

Owse, is an Ox.

Odd Charrs, signifies triffling business,  
or small Errands.

Ommost, is almost.

P.

**T**O putt, is to push with the head.

Pratty; is handsome, or pritty.

Preauf, is proof.

To plew, is to plow.

and To mack the Pot play, is to make the  
Pot boyl.

Pokes, are Sacks.

**O** Pudding-pock, is the Pudding bag.

A Pleugh, is a Plough.

It plosbes, signifies to be all wet under  
foot.

Perry, is a little Cur Dog.

Pusom'd, is poyson'd.

A Pownd, is a Pond of water.

To preaze, is to presse towards a place  
or endeavour to go that way.

The Paete, is the head.

Preasure, is Rennet to make Cheese  
withal.

A Pringle, is a little silver Scotch  
Coine about the bignesse of a penny  
with two xx. on it.

Pybald, is to be of two Colours.

To prate, is to talk fancily.

R.

**A** Rape, is a Rape.

To Rant, is to roare.

Rive, is to tear.

Ree



- Reek, is smoak.  
A Reckincrewke, is the pot hanger.  
I Reed, is I advise.  
Reant, is root.  
Remmon'd, is removed.  
A Reel, is an instrument Women wind  
their linnen or hempen yarne on.  
A Rock, is a Distaffe.  
Ream Kit, is the Cream pot.  
Reasty, is when Bacon is yellow and  
tasterank.  
Reet, is right: To Reet a thing down,  
is to make it smooth.  
Riggin, is the Ridge of an house.  
Reeks, is it smokes.  
Rame, is to Rove, Rake, scrape, or  
pull.  
Rencky, is great and large.  
Ranck, is thick or throng.  
To rue, is to repent.

Rise

Rife of Tongue, is quick and nimble of  
Tongue.

Reefie, is Scabby or Itchy,

S.

Sine, is since.

Sike, is such.

Seann, is quickly.

A Skeell, is a Milk Pale, or Water  
Pale.

Sell, signifies self.

To Sackle, is to let a Calf suck the  
Dam or Mother.

Streay, is Straw.

Strangly, is strongly.

Swamp, is empty or smal.

A Sile, is a strainer for Milk.

To Spang ones gates, is to make hast.

Snithe, is very cold and piercing.

Seaure, is sure.

Smiddy, is a Black-Smiths Shop.

Specks,

**Specks,** are long thin pieces of Iron which Husband-men nail upon their Ploughs, to save them from wearing.

**A Sock,** is the Plough share to put on the Nose of the Plough.

**Sawt,** is salt.

**A Stag,** is a young Colt.

**Sarrades,** signifies serves.

**A Shack-fork,** is a stick with two grains which Thrashers use to shake up the Straw withall; that all the Corn may fall out from amongst it.

**Steguls,** are Stools to sit on.

**Swingle-trees,** are crooked pieces of wood to which the Horse Traces are made fast behind the Horses.

**Strang,** is strong.

**Seavy,** is full of Rushes.

A Seave, is a Rusb that is drawn through in grease, which in ordinary poor houses, they light up and burn instead of a Candle.

To Sam Corn, is to sow Corn.

A Steg, is a Gander.

To steek or steck, is to shut.

A stand Heck, is a Cratch that stands on feet in a Fold-Yard, for Cattel to eat their Fodder out on.

A Sneek, is a latch of a door or Gate,

To slate a Beast, is to hound a Dog at him.

To stick, is to Butcher and kill a thing.

To stramp, is to tread upon.

Skitter, is when Cattel Scoure, or sbite thin.

Slocken, is to quench the thirst.

Side Lanyells, are hopples for Horses.

A Stane, is a stone.

A Sneauskin, is a leather which Women have fast at their Distaff, and lay upon their thigh to twirle their Spindle upon.

A Spence, is a little place made with Wainscot, or a Lattice to set Milk or drink in.

To Slake heat, is to scale or loose heat.

Sammaron, is a Cloath between Linnen and Hempen, not altogether so course as the one, nor fine as the other.

A Seck, is a Sack.

Sheann, are Shooes.

Stovvn, is stoln.

A Sark, is a shirt.

*Sowle*, is all kind of moyst or supping  
*Viſtuals*.

*To Storken*, is to cool or wax ſtiff or  
*hard*.

*Seay*, is ſo.

*To ſpeer out a thing*, is to enquire after  
*a thing*.

*To ſpeer the Deaur*, is to ſhut the  
*door*.

*To whemmele a Bowlo ver a thing*, is  
*to cover it with a Bowle*.

*Snawke*, is to ſmell.

*Snurles*, are the Noſtrils.

*To Snite*, is to blow the Noſe.

*A Stee*, is a Styre or Ladder.

*To ſemper*, is to ſmile.

*To ſtown*, is when a thing ſmarts.

*Not to ſee a ſtime*, is to be blind, and ſee  
*nothing at all*.

*A Saul*, is a ſoul.

*Sad*, is ſorrowful or Melancholly.

Stanfra, is backward, or unwilling.

Sud, is should.

A Stiddy, is an Anvill.

Spatterdashers, are things to put above ones Stockings to keep them clean from mire and dirt.

To run on snack-snarles, is to run on beaps headlong together.

Where it never stack, is where it never stuck.

Sporn, is shut or closed.

Sesta, is sayest thou.

Stickle but hast, is very great hast, or speed.

To snoutband one, is to be very angry and hasty with one.

Stark at the Rent, is very dear at the Rent.

To scrat, is to scratch.

Sattl'd, is settled.

Sackless, is guiltless, or innocent.

To

To Swelt, is to dye.

A Saind, is a Messenger or message.

A Soape, is a little quantity or sup.

## T.

A Tee, is the string the Cow Legs are made fast withal whilest she is milked.

Tinye, is little.

Well tidedd, is when a Cow hath a good Udder, and promiseth fair for store of milk.

Tweay, is two.

Thur, is these.

Tane, is taken.

Tawke, is talk.

Tewh, is tough.



Teant, is to it.

Teaume, is time.

Teng'd, is stung or sting'd.

A Teaup, is a Ram.

Like to tawme, is like to swound.

Traild, is pull'd and dragged up and down.

Teau, is to.

are is A Tantril, is an idle tatling Woman.

Titter, is quicker or sooner.

A Drull, is a mucky fowl Quean.

b a Tack, is to take.

for Tengs, are Tonges.

Twonty, is twenty.

Trouts, are Curds.

Trash, is green fruit, as Apples, &c.

Timerous to please, is ill to please.

Touch-wood, is rotten Wood laid by

to dry, that it may take fire at any spark given by a flint and steel.

**V** Arra, is very.

**U**nscape, is to put one in mind of a thing that is not Convenient.

**U**ncuths, signifies News.

**T**o Urle, is to draw ones self up on a beap.

**A**n Underlout, is a kind of a slave, or Drudge.

**A**n Uncuth Dog, is a strange Dog.

**U**nsawncy, is unluckie, or not fortunate.

**T**o unfeft, is to untye or unloose.

W.

**W**Ark, is work.  
Weese, is we shall.

Whaugh, is a word of *Admiration*, as  
God blefs us, &c.

Wally, Wally, is *Good lack*, good lack  
or Ob me, Ob me.

War, is were.

Wad, is would.

Whye, is an *Heifer*.

To waite, is to know.

Whore, is *Where*.

Wya, is well.

Wheay, is *Who*.

Whickens, are roots of *Weeds*.

Whins, are *Furz*.

Wellaneerin. is *Lackady*, or *Alas*, *alas*.

To Whang one, is to beat one.

Wrang, is wrong.

I

A

A whanck, is a great piece.

A Whelk, is a great fall.

Wont, is dwelt or lived.

A wreck, is aboundance.

Whewts of Girse, are young fresh Piles  
or blades of Grass.

Whig, is Clarified Whey, put up with  
Herbs to drink.

A Whean Cat, is a sbec Cat.

Warse, is worse.

Wayes is mee, is woes me.

Whilk, is which.

Weell, is well.

Wangle, is uncertain or changeable  
Weather.

Weay, is sorrowful.

Wilta, is wilt thou.

To winch, is to Kick.

Whesht, Whesht, is peace, peace.

Wadta, is would thou.

Weand, is Mad.

A Wee bitt, or Wirly bitt.  
To Wreak, is to fret and be angry.

## Y.

**Y**An, is one.  
Yands, are Horses.  
Yowes, are Yewes.  
A Yat, is a Gate.  
Yance, is once.  
To Yeand, is to go.  
To Yeauke, is to Itch.  
The Yane, is the breath.

F I N I S.

The Clavis

To/Week is to be angry.

G  
3 v  
Syl  
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